



The United States Official Investigation of baking powders, made under authority of Congress by the Chemical Division of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., recently completed, shows the Royal Baking Powder to be a cream of tartar powder of the highest quality, pure and wholesome, and superior to all others in strength leavening powder, and general usefulness.

Continued From Second Page.

dom dwell.

The pages of history do not recall the time when flowers were first used as an offering of sweet remembrance to the dead. From time immemorial the custom has been indulged in by the polished citizens of our sister republic, France, and by the savage tribes of South America. We but borrow the beautiful ceremony and adopt it to a purpose noble in every attribute of patriotism and citizenship. Over a quarter of a century ago this broad land—this goodly heritage of ours—was devastated by a fratricidal strife. The very foundation of our liberties were threatened. For five weary, anxious years, civil war raged, as only such a war can, until there was not a home in the land but marked its empty seat. Rebellion against the best Government ever framed by the hand of man for a time seemed in the ascendant. For months, for years, the fortunes of war wavered, until at last the God of battles cast the die in favor of Union, of Liberty, of Right, of Country and of Home.

The old, old story of sacrifices made, of life and treasure, the unnumbered and unknown dead, and inestimable benefits accruing to the living, is an ever new tale to us. We come today with laurel and with cypress; with the sweet offerings of the dale and the hillside: with flowers rare and choice; and bedeck the graves of those who in the prime of their manhood obeyed the call of honor and of Country, and went forth to do battle that we might revel in the blessings of a free land, with peace and plenty. A great peon of gratitude is wafted today from sixty million hearts, across the dark river, until it reaches the peaceful shores of those who recognize its deep resonance, and rest in the assurance of duty done.

Formost in the great realization of the Civil War in a united Country—united not only as integral parts of the same Government, but united in thought in sentiment, in interests and ambitions. The people who a quarter of a century ago were arrayed in fierce battle against each other, one to cement, the other to disrupt the union of these States, today vie one with the other in acts of loyalty to the Union and expressions of patriotism and love of Country. Today the chivalry of the South is blended with the hardihood and industry of the North, and at least an older and older and wiser people is the result. Today in the Carolinas the native of Maine weaves a garland of palmetto leaves to place on the grave of him who wore the grey, while he who first saw the light under a Southern sky, joins with us in strewing daisies on the last resting place of him who wore the blue.

So with an equal splendor The morning sun's rays fall With a touch impartially tender

On the blossoms blooming for all Under the sod and dew. Waiting the judgment day; Bordered with gold and blue; Mellowed with gold and blue. History does not show a parallel case; one where a people are today writhing in the agonies of civil strife, with its train of disorders, hates, revenges, victories, defeats and bitter disappointments, and by the force of the powers inherent in the people themselves are tomorrow blessed beyond all the nations of the earth in the enjoyment of brotherly love, peace, plenty, and to spare.

Today, while we honor our dead, is it unfitting if we ask if the living have worthily guarded and all for which our laureled heroes gave their lives? Have we performed our public duties in the spirit which animated them? Have we been faithful and vigilant custodians of the trust which they left in our hands? Are we preparing to transmit to our children unstained and unimpaired the rich legacy of liberty and patriotism which we received from the heroes of Shilo and Gettysburg? Or do we need even while we eulogize our dead to chide our own carelessness and sound a note of warning to ourselves?

Members of the Grand Army, to you and to your fallen comrades we owe all there is of greatness in our Republic today, and if you, to save the Union from the blight the curse of slavery, were willing to suffer, and to die if need be, to accomplish that grand end, though we meet the condemnation of the powerful should we hesitate to ring the tocsin of warning when we see other and as great dangers now threatening the perpetuity of our institutions? What more befitting place to sound the alarm over the graves of Grant, of Sheridan, of Thomas, of Hancock, of Logan, and thousands of others who in life preformed the parts allotted to them with fearlessness, honor, and fidelity?

Before the war slavery was the ruler of American politics, and the reign of the money bags had not begun. Twenty-five years before the war you could count all the great millionaires upon your finger tips, and the man who was possessed of a hundred thousand dollars was accounted rich. Twenty-five years before the war the great railroad lines were not built, the great cities not constructed, the telegraph, and the electric light and even petroleum unknown, and the web of complex industries with which the land is now laced was unspan. In those days money had not lost its modesty and it deferred to intellect and high character. Astors poet book-keeper (Fitz Green Halleck) was received in houses in which Astor himself was not invited, and New York capitalist waited upon penniless Agassiz and insolvent Webster. Corporations begged of legislatures neither lands nor bonds, but were content with the privilege of life. Men did not seek trusts in order to violate them. Embezzlement by stock expansion was unknown. The legislator who sold his vote made arrangements to depart from the country, the bank defalcations and bank burglary kept the lock step of fellow convicts. War was an educator, but the tree of knowledge with its crimson leaves yielded evil fruit as well as good.

The obliteration of slavery, the return to peaceful occupations of hundreds of thousands of artisans farmer and laborers, a phenomenal growth of inventive genius, together with a vastly increased immigration, in a few years made the marts of industry in the Nation teem with wealth. The two oceans were tied together by means of iron bands. The people of the uttermost parts of the Nation were brought together in commercial relations, and the great resources of the country were by the industry, intelligence, and indomitable pluck of the American People turned to such account that colossal fortunes counted by the millions are to-day a menace to our liberties. In our land today the owner of fifty millions wields more power than the President of the United States, and the owner of ten millions can

control the legislature and choose the officers of a state. Nor is such power exercised only in feeble and frontier States; Nevada is not the only commonwealth disgraced by the soubriquet of "rotten borough." To do the bidding of the powerful because of wealth, older, more sober, more cultivated, more seeming virtuous sister permit the haggard harlots of the caucus and the lobby to ply their nasty vocation unchecked, and unwhipped by justice.

A fortune of five millions dollars represents the blood, toil, and sweat of thousands of artisans, mechanics, and laborers, and the tears of women and children; and no single life can accumulate it, without wrong to his fellow man. If the resources of the country are so prolific as to make the accumulations of such fortunes as fifty and one hundred millions a possibility, then indeed it is tight that May-day demonstrations be made and that the laborer reap some little share of these immense profits, by increased pay and shorter hours of labor.

Those are perhaps within the reach of my voices who will call this "socialism." That much enduring word is made sponsor for most protests against the existing order of things. But I say to you, on the contrary, that this is Americanism, pure and simple. I am sounding a solemn warning against the day when the horrors of socialism in its worst sense may devastate our homes. Nihilism will follow the tyranny of plutocracy just as surely as it has followed the despotism of Autocracy. And, my friend, it follows both so surely as the pendulum swings in equal arcs. The laws of the Almighty are not variable, neither do they know the shadow of turning. Today the laborer asks the capitalist for eight hours and the opportunity to cast his ballot without dictation—deny him this and tomorrow he may demand the monopolist's all—even his hearts blood.

The power of capital in this land is immeasurable and practically has unbound license. It demands of every man in America who lives out of reach of a gas factory or of an electric plant, to pay treble prices for the poor privilege of light. The occult current that bears the tidings joyous or sad to your home, is made subservient to the power of capital, and you are compelled to pay a treble tribute to Croesus or deny yourself a gift from Heaven will yet be as free as the air we breathe.

Aggregated wealth systematically and even ostentatiously avoids the payment of its share of taxation, putting the burden of Government on the poor.

The Growth or decay of cities, and the fortune of bankruptcy of individuals are promoted by corporate managers.

Laws against trusts are their playthings.

Monopolies in transportation, monopolies in light, monopolies in fuel, monopolies in land, monopolies in water, monopolies in mines, monopolies in sugar, beef and flour; these are the corporate vampires who sit upon the republic which our soldiers fought to preserve and suck its life blood, whilst they fan it to continued slumber with their ebony wings, heavy with mingled odors of bribe and menace. Those are the powerful despots who enter the temple and tear the bandage from the eyes of American Justice, who attempt to rule this land with a rod of iron, and whose arrogance has become so open that they no longer take pains to conceal it. Do I strike wide of the mark when I assert that this shame-faced arrogance is used in many instances to hurl from place honest and capable judges, who in endeavoring to uphold the majesty and dignity of the law, dare to render opinions inimical to the grasping interests of these rapacious wealth gatherers. The thread-bare coat and raveled sleeve of honest poverty, walks your streets to-day, the victim of corporate wealth whose dishonest demands he denied.

A practical illustration of the grossly sinful practices of the wealthy creditor class in the United States to-day, to enhance

their already plethoric purses at the same time make the poor poorer, by making money scarce and labor cheap, is found in "the great crime of 1873" by which the money of the people was degraded to a commodity, and the greater crime of permitting the stupendous fraud against the Nation to remain on its statutes. Pledges, promises, and platforms of all political parties alike, seem but so many "air built castles" to which the toiling masses are pointed as houses of refuge, but which are in reality the veriest deadfalls of treachery.

Legislation is degenerating into a question of "how much?" Is it not a fact that the poor soldier who has his wounds to speak for his services to his country is debarred from the privilege of a paltry pension, because some piece of paper or red tape has been swept away in the carnage of battle, or worn out by the lapse of time, yet the Railroad land grabber is filled to surfeit with the Nations wealth, without consideration except perhaps it be "wine and worse" by which he debauches the legislator.

Here let us draw the curtain; the whole truth will not bear the telling. "Oh for a new Savior, to walk into this Grand temple that our legions freed from slavery, repaired with their toil, and cemented with their life-blood, and scourge the scoundrels who defile it, saying as of old "My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien, That to be hated, needs but to be seen; But seen so oft, familiar with its face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

The hugging stage has arrived with us.

This same cankerous disease, the selfish cruel reign of wealth ate the vitals of ancient Rome, and it fell, the gibe and taunts of those who ruled the earth by "Divine right."

Will our grand fabric, with its seventy million of population, twenty-two thousand miles of sea coast, and a net work of iron roads lashing and binding its many climates and divers interests into one grand and sublime structure, with unity of purpose—National Greatness—crumble to decay, from the effects of this same sore on the body politic? No. A thousand times NO. The mothers of the Nation will by the force of their love of home and the children they bear, rise up a new generation of men who will be taught that love of Country is better than gold—that personal worth and intellect are not to be weighed in the balance with filthy lucre.

Already a band of noble women have inaugurated for the benefit of the children of the country an object lesson in loyalty, and from every school house in the land flows with childhood's piping cheer, that starry banner which led Washington to victory at Yorktown, and the immortal Grant to success at Appomattox.

The evils we are complaining of will be eradicated by the influence of American womanhood, and an intelligence and patriotism, the offspring of our unsectarian schools. From behind those shining towers of defense let us hope that a new generation of men will make a successful fight against the enemies of the Republic, and correct the result of our follies ere it be too late.

I have faith in the American people—faith in the stability in the republican forms of Government when founded upon popular intelligence—faith in the ascendancy of self government every where when ignorance shall have yielded its cruel empire to the peaceful sovereignty of reason. The dawn of that better day is already breaking, and members of the Grand Army of the Republic alive today will see its brightening morn; some perhaps, its noonday sun. But my friends, sad as the question seems, relentless fate propounds it; what new graves will be bedecked with garlands a year hence? Other armies are kept up and augmented by accessions to their ranks, but the crippled and way-worn veterans receive no new company, see no new faces. Silently they move onward recognizing the inevitable in their march. When they fall out of the ranks it is to take a seat from which no blare of bugle or roll of drum shall ever call them again. Thus they are passing away, passing away! Let fraternity, charity and loyalty grow stronger with the hastening years and the blessings for which the old boys fought grow more precious as their faces disappear forever.

Local matter on first page.

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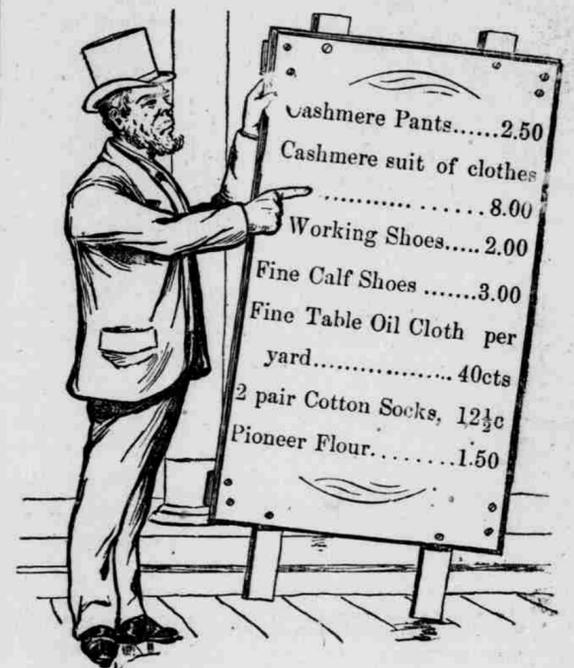
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